

TO THE
DUKE
ON HIS
RETURN.

29. May. 1682.

Written by NAT. LEE.

COME then at last, while anxious Nations weep,
Three Kingdoms stak't ! too pretious for the deep.
Too pretious sure, for when the Trump of fame
Did with a direfull sound your Wrack proclaim,
Your danger and your doubtfull safety shown,
It damp't the Genius, and it Shook the Throne.
Your Helm may now the Sea-born Goddess take,
And soft *Favonius* safe your passage make.
Strong, and auspicious, bee the Stars that reign,
The day you launch, and *Nereus* sweep the Main.
Neptune aloft, scow'r all the Storms before,
And following *Tritons*, wind you to the Shore ;
While on the Beach, like Billows of the Land,
In bending Crowds the Loyal English stand :
Come then, tho' late, your right receive at last ;
Which Heaven preserv'd, in spite of Fortunes blast,
Accept those hearts, that Offer on the Strand ;
The better half of this divided Land.
Venting their honest Souls in tears of Joy,
They rave, and beg you wou'd their lives employ ,
Shouting your sacred name, they drive the air,
And fill your Canvas Wings with gales of prayer.
Come then I hear three Nations shout agen,
And, next our *Charles*, in every bosome reign ;
Heaven's darling Charge, the care of regal stars,
Pledge of our Peace. and Triumph of our Wars.

Heav'n

Heav'n eccho's Come, but come not Sir alone,
 Bring the bright pregnant Blessing of the Throne.
 And if in Poets charms be force or skill,
 We charge you, O ye Waves, and Winds be still,
 Soft as a sailing Goddess bring her home,
 With the expected Prince that loads her Womb;
 Joy of this Age and Heir of that to come. }
 Next her the Virgin Princess shines from far,
Aurora that, and this the Morning Star.
 Hail then, all hail, They land in *Charles's* Armes,
 While his large Breast, the Nation's Angel warms.
 Tears from his Cheeks with manly mildness roul,
 Then dearly grasps the treasure of his Soul:
 Hangs on his Neck, and feeds upon his form,
 Calls him his Calm, after a tedious Storm.
 O Brother! He cou'd say no more, and then,
 With heaving Passion clasp'd him close again.
 How oft he cry'd have I thy absence mourn'd,
 But 'tis enough Thou art at last return'd:
 Said I return'd! O never more to part,
 Nor draw the vital warmth from *Charles* his heart.
 Once more, O Heav'n, I shall his Vertue prove,
 His Council, Conduct, and unshaken Love.
 My People too at last their Errour see,
 And make their Sovereign blest in loving Thee.
 Not but there is a stiff-neck'd-harden'd Crew
 That give not *Cæsar*, no nor God his due.
 Reprobate Traytors, Tyrants of their Own,
 Yet Grudge to see their Monarch in his Throne.
 Their stubborn Souls with brafs Rebellion barr'd,
 Desert the Laws, and Crimes with Treason guard.
 Whom I— but there he stop'd, and cry'd 'tis past,
 Pity's no more, this warning be their last;
 Then sighing said, my Soul's dear purchas'd rest,
 Welcome, Oh welcome, to my longing Breast:
 Why should I waste a tear while thou art by,
 To all extreams of Friendship let us fly,
 Disdain the factious Crowd that wou'd rebell }
 And mourn the Men that durst in death-excell,
 Their Fates were Glorious since for thee they fell. }
 And as a Prince has right his Arms to weild,
 When stubborn Rebels force him to the Field;
 So for the Loyal, who their Lives lay down,
 He dares to Hazard both his Life and Crown.

F I N I S.